



His Best Friends Sister by teddybearbundy

Series: [His Best Friends Sister \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, Multi

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Original Male Character(s), Reader, You, first person - Character

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Original Character(s), Billy Hargrove/Reader

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-08-12

Updated: 2018-08-12

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:26:25

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 910

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

You and Billy don't really get along. He's full of himself and damaged. You are stubborn and like to give him a hard time. But the more you spend time together, the more tension there is sexual and other wise. But as time goes on, you two realize how well you actually go to together. Eventually you two cave to each other and attempt to make things work, but how long will it last?

****Later chapters will be longer and contain heavier warnings.****

His Best Friends Sister

Author's Note:

I have never really written anything Billy related before, so I'm sorry now if this is terrible. This is just a slow burn kind of story between two people, at least to start out with. I decided to set this story in 1986, which would make Billy a couple years older than what he is in season 2. I do intend for later chapters to have smut in them, relationships troubles, angst, some violence which is why I decided to age him to 19. If you like it, feel free to say something. Thanks for reading!

Summary for the Chapter:

You have heard so much about Billy, and by so much, you frequently heard his name shouted from your brother's mouth at your mother as he was headed out the door time and time again. Even though you had seen him around you never really got the chance to actually meet him until he had actually come to the door one night to pick up your brother, Nathaniel. You are the first to door to answer it and are greeted with Billy's charming smile.



The sound of the doorbell seemed to echo into the living room, interrupting my show. With a roll of my eyes I glance over at the clock on the wall, it was only nine at night and I wasn't expecting anyone to come over. It's not like my brother ever had anyone over. I groan slightly as I push myself up out of my father's large reclining chair, "I've got it!" I shout out before I quickly mumble "...don't all rush at once." I turn the corner and head down the hall to see a blurry figure behind a stained glass window. Who the hell could that be? My hand reaches for the knob, slowly turning it and opening it with a confused and mildly annoyed expression that was quickly changed to a more curious one. I knew his face. This was Billy Hargrove, I had seen it around Hawkins and I knew at one point he had attended the high school a couple years ago.

It took me a moment to really say anything, I watched as he looked me over and a charming smile came to his face. I gave him the same look back, without the smile. My eyes look him over and I question why his shirt is hanging open and the more I seem to look at him, the bigger his smile gets.

"Should I take a picture for you sweetheart, it will last longer." He snickers proudly.

I scoff at him, the temptation to tell him I wasn't checking him out was all too real, but I knew that he wouldn't believe it or he would get frustrated with the possible sense of rejection. Either way, I didn't want to see the outcome. Instead, I make a slight face at him that suggested I wasn't and that I wasn't going to dignify that with a response. This only causes him to chuckle. He moves to me, stepping closer. The smell of cigarettes, beer, and cheap cologne fill my nose. It's dizzying at first and yet it is oddly nice. He smelled older than what he was and he acted like he already knew what life was all about.

"So you are Nate's sister... What did he say your name was? Yeah, Y/N. You are cuter than I thought you'd be."

"Excuse me?"

He chuckles and his hand reaches up and flicks a piece of my hair back with his large fingers. I turn my nose to him slightly, giving him a look like he's utterly insulted me and in a way he did. Who was he to judge how I looked? He didn't know me. He pushes past me and

enters the house looking around before he turned back to me and smiles again, that same charming bad-boy smile. I was picking up on the fact that it was his MO and I wondered how often it actually got him what he wanted.

I close the front door behind me before I walk to the stair and lean up against them slightly, "Nathaniel! Billy is here!". The sound of my voice causes the sound of heavy footsteps to be heard moving around upstairs in my brother's room, him putting his pants on no doubt. I turn to Billy, giving him a look of annoyance as I catch him staring at me. "Maybe you need to be the one to take the picture." I throw his own comment back at him. Billy liked this and at the same time, I could see this off flicker in his eyes, almost like he didn't like the way I was speaking to him. He wasn't used to girls that would banter back, let alone throw his own comments back at him.

His smile turns into more of a smirk, "Careful babe, I just might."

"I'm not your babe."

"I can change that."

I scoff, almost snorting at him before our conversation was interrupted by my brother's thudding feet coming down the stairs. Nathaniel looks between the two of us. My arms cross as I lean back against the kitchen door-frame and look at Billy, who is staring at me like I have issued some sort of challenge to him. I wasn't a challenge and I wasn't ever going to be, not for him. Nathaniel softly chuckled and he walked past Billy, hitting his chest with the back of his hand, "Let's go, man. I wanna get out of here.". Billy nods at him and turns to follow him out, stopping briefly to look at me.

"You know, if you didn't come off like such a bitch, you might have a boyfriend one day." He says it with a straight face, his eyes locking onto mine. I sneer at him, raising my middle finger which causes him to raise his upper lip in slight anger like his ego was bruised. Billy quickly turned away, slamming the front door behind him. I scoff at him again, even though he can't see it. I can hear his car starting up and quickly pulling out of the driveway with his radio blaring out Talk Dirty to Me by Poison. "Yeah, I'm not a bitch.", I mumble as I head back to the living room, taking my seat back in the recliner chair and begin to glare at the TV sightly. I had missed my show and now, I can't get the mental image of his smile out of my head.